

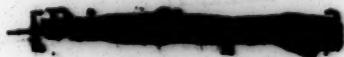


REMARKS

ON A

Scurrilous Postscript

Lately Published.



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IN A

LETTER

FROM A

SUFFOLK CLERGYMAN

TO

The Rev^d. Dr. C—,

A—n of S—y.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. OLDCASTLE, near St. Paul's.





REMARKS, &c.

Suffolk, May 13, 1747.

Reverend SIR,

I AM of a Society of Clergymen, who meet constantly one Night in a Week, at a Market-Town not far from my Parish, to read the *London Papers*, and divert ourselves with the Relation of such trifling Incidents as happen to fall in our Way between the Return of each Club - Evening: By which Means
we

we keep up an amicable Correspondence, and know the whole of what is going forward on the busy Stage, at a very easy Expence, and without moving far from Home.

Yesterday, in the Evening, we assembled according to Custom, and every Member, after having fixed his Hat and Whip upon his own Peg, to prevent Confusion at parting, took his Seat at a long Table where some of the Club have set regularly every *Saturday* for several Years.— As soon as we were ranged in proper Order, and had taken out our Tobacco-boxes, the President for the Night, began our usual Toasts: First, the King and all his Family, then our Bishop, and after him our worthy A——n.

This last Health, Sir, was no sooner proposed, than a grave elderly Clergyman, who had been observed to set silent for some Time, drew out of his Pocket a thin Quarto Pamphlet, stitched in blue Paper, and threw it from him with that Violence, that
it

It flew immediately to the other End of the Room, and carried along with it four of our clean Pipes, to the great Concern of my next Neighbour, who had that Moment filled one of them for his own Use, but would not light it till he had drank a Bumper to the Health that was going round.

As the Owner of the Pamphlet thought it necessary to explain such a quick Start of Passion, which was very likely to break in upon the Chearfulness of the Evening; as soon as he had taken two or three Turns round the Room, and had prevail'd upon himself to pick up his Book, he came back again to his Seat, and told us, with a Countenance full of Grief and Anger, that we had great Cause to drink Health to our worthy A——n.——— *My Reverend Brethren*, added he, you will be surprized when I tell you, that a Part of this Pamphlet which I have now in my Hand, is a scurrilous Invective against that never-to-be-forgotten
Charge,

Charge, which was delivered to us last Summer by our worthy A——n.

To say the Truth, Sir, my Surprize did not quite come up, I believe, to my Brother's Expectation ; for I had been thoroughly perswaded within myself, from the Day on which I heard it, that a Work of that uncommon Learning and Language, could not escape the petulant Raillery of the Despisers of true and useful Erudition ; and therefore, tho' I could not but esteem it a Mark of singular Condescension, and Regard for your Clergy, still it gave me infinite Concern, when I heard that you was going to expose yourself to the Laugh of shallow Jesters, for our Sakes, by sending your Charge to Mr. *S. Birt*, at the *Bible and Ball*, in *Ave-Mary Lane*: Nay, my Concern on this Occasion carried me so far, as many of my Brethren can bear me Witness, that I offered to join with any of them in a Request to you not to publish, but I could bring none of them over to my Party ; and
indeed,

indeed, when I was afterwards informed by a Gentleman who knows you very well, that you would highly have resented such a cowardly Proposal, I was not a little pleased that the Affair was dropped so soon.

You will easily conceive, Sir, the Earnestness which we all expressed to hear the Whole of this strange Postscript, for that we found was the Title of the Book, in which the Adversary had vented his Malice against you : Accordingly, as I happened to be the youngest Man in the Circle, and the only one of the Club who does not smoke, I was unanimously pitched upon to read to the rest of the Company, which I did in the best Manner that I was able ; and it pleased me much to find, that I am a great deal improved within a Twelve-month in this Particular, for when I was called upon last Summer *A. D.* 1746, at a *Saturday* Meeting, to read over your excellent Charge, I did it so indifferently, that the Company desired me to repeat several Passages, which they said they did

B

not

not understand, as I read them; but I went now thro' the Postscript without making even one Mistake, tho' I was once or twice disconcerted by two of the Company, who could not forbear laughing out aloud at the Thought of the severe Mortification which the Author of this elaborate Postscript would undergo, when he found you contemn him so far as not to answer him.

I must own, Sir, that before I had got through three Pages of the Postscript, I plainly discovered, that the Author treats your excellent Charge with so much Rudeness, and you with so little Deference to your Character as a Scholar, that I thought there was great Reason to fear, that when you find how slender a Relish the present Age has of true Erudition, and how small Attention they pay to Men of your Abilities, you will determine not to bestow upon them any more Labour in vain, but buy up whatever you have published at any Time. — And how much the World would suffer by a Determination of
this

this Sort, let them say who have read your *Eusebius*. —

I observe, Sir, that the Author of the Postscript begins his notable Attack by charging you with passing over too slightly the happy Issue of the late Rebellion: He seems to think it would have been a Topic very agreeable to the Gentlemen in that Part of the World, who distinguished themselves, at that critical Juncture, by a most generous and ample *Subscription*; and that instead of being in such an Hurry to communicate another Plot (as he calls it) it would better have become you to have taken that Opportunity to point out to your Clergy the great Necessity of confirming the People in their Allegiance to the present happy Establishment; in the constant Practice of the true and genuine Religion of Christ; and to teach them how to guard against the Wiles of Popery. — How it could ever come into the Adversary's Head to say this, I do not take upon me to determine; but thus much, however, I will venture to affirm,

that if you had thought these Points of equal Importance with those which you have insisted on so largely, you would not have omitted them.

You must be sensible, Sir, that the Author of the Postscript takes all Opportunities to ridicule your Style, and yet it is plain, at the same Time, that, like the *Frog* in the Fable, he almost bursts himself with endeavouring to become an *Ox*; and let him burst, a vile *Judas*, for if he ever swells to the Size of an A——n of S——y, or ever writes like you, as long as he lives, I am much mistaken: However, the poor Man sometimes forgets himself, and in one Part of his Work produces a remarkable Passage from your Charge, which he unluckily calls an elegant Metaphor, before he knows whereabout he is; and to be sure, every attentive Reader must see, at first View, that it is far beyond any thing beside in the whole Postscript.

Indeed,

Indeed, Sir, it does not become me, who am an obscure Person, to set up for a Judge in Matters of such high Importance; but every Man knows what pleases him, and I do not recollect any one's Works that amuse me half so much as your's do.

An ingenious Clergyman of my Acquaintance has often told me, that upon reading over one of Archbishop *Tillotson's* Sermons, he has frequently imagined it to be no difficult Matter to write like him, till upon the Trial he found himself mistaken. The same Thing, Sir, has happened to me, more than once, in my Endeavours to imitate your Style and Manner, which I have thought an easy Thing, till, upon making the Experiment, I have immediately discovered, to my great Mortification, that I write just as much like you, as Dr. *Middleton* does. —

*Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without Rage, without O'er-flowing
full. —*

I ought

I ought to ask Pardon, Sir, for quoting a profane Writer, and a modern too, on so serious a Subject; but the Justness of the Application will, I hope, plead my Excuse.

Pray, Mr. A——n, have you ever heard it suggested who is the Author of this same Postscript? — I have been told, that it was written by one of the greatest Men of the present Age; by a Man who is celebrated among the Learned as a Person of the finest Taste and Judgment in Reading; remarkable for the Elegance and Purity of his Style, the Justness of his Sentiments, and the Perspicuity of his Reasoning. I do not believe, Sir, that you see any thing of this in the Postscript; and I have often heard you say (for you are acquainted with the Man) that you could never read three Pages in any of his Works with the least Pleasure; and indeed I cannot wonder at it, for to be sure, considered as a Writer, he is no more to be compared to you, than *a Satyr to Hyperion*; for all his Performances are mere Trifles, or (to use

use the Expression of a good Friend of yours, who died suddenly not long since) they are fit only to be read by * *the most zealous Admirer of the English Life of Cicero*. His Friends, indeed, as I said before, cry him up as a Man *furnished with every great Talent for the Purpose of Writing; an Head acute and prolific; Learning extensive and various; Language dogmatical and lively*; insomuch that one would be almost tempted to suspect, by their Account, that the old *French* Jesuit was come back again, to compleat his wicked Design against *True Letters*. But I have heard another Story, to which I am more inclined to give Credit, and that is, that the Author of the Postscript, is a Person that has *a great Affectation of appearing significant in Erudition, and a fluent pompous Shew of some Depth in Letters*; but that, in Fact, he is only *a bold superficial Pretender, lying down in the shallow Stores of Bibliothèques, and contenting himself with a few select Authors, the most eminent and elegant in each Class*. Nay, I have

* Vide *Tunstall's* Observations.

have even heard something of him still worse ; as that he hates all Orthodox Men ; that he was heard to say publicly, *A. D.* 1740, that the Fathers were the Propagators of idle Tales and pernicious Lyes, and that they are all now safely lodged in that Place where *Lucian* met the Shade of *Herodotus*, and other Writers of true History : — that, *A. D.* 1743, several of Dr. *Waterland's* Works were found in a Part of his Garden, which I do not care to mention — and that it is a well known Fact in the Place where he lives, that even so lately as *A. D.* 1746, he left his Grocer, a Person of Credit and good Trade, only that he might employ another, who had just then purchased a Wheelbarrow-full of St. *Jerom*, out of a certain *rich Library*, for the Purpose of wrapping up Plumbs and Sugar.

There has been an ugly Report in my Neighbourhood, Mr. A — n, that you intend to answer the Postscript ; but you must know that I do not believe it, nay, I do not believe that you can answer it, for the Matter

is

is thrown together in such a strange Way, that you will not be able to know where to begin the Attack.——And besides, Sir, what Credit can you possibly expect to gain, by engaging with a Man of this Author's Character? Certainly none; and therefore I have great Hopes that you will not set your Wit against him; for you would certainly bring a Reflection upon yourself, and make him as vain as *Luther* was, when he had drawn a *King* in to enter the Lists in the Defence of Popery.

To be sure, Sir, this Author's principal Aim is to ruin the Credit of your excellent Charge, but you may defy him either to hurt the Sale of it, or diminish its Reputation; for I myself have already seen it in *High-Dutch*, and make no doubt, but that in a few Years it will be translated into the Language of every Nation that has any Relish of genuine Eloquence, and *true Letters*; and be transmitted down to the latest Posterity, as the Work of a Man, *who spent his whole*

C *Life*

Life in the Pursuit of Erudition, penetrated the very Marrow of all the learned Languages, traversed with the same Zeal every Ancient, and Monument he could find; had all Antiquity before him in one grand comprehensive View, and attained to that abounding Richness in Learning, which rendered him the Glory of his Age, and a Scourge and Terror to any bold superficial Pretenders, who offer'd to impose upon the Publick any mischievous Sophistries or Chicanery of Science.— But I say no more; for if what we are told is true, that you are employed in answering the Postscript, I take up too much of your Time, and do an Injury to the Publick.

I am, &c.

F I N I S.

